/459 cont./

000 Indians, who are standing about in tight bunches, hold their ears and remember the time when shots went off in their forest. Moguyokuri and his son, who even exceeds him in body height, come forward in order to send a few arrows as well into the crumbling remains of Judas Iscariot. Cautiously they first put it out so that the arrows will not burn up. The soldiers are dismissed; powder is now exploded everywhere, and even our comrades cannot resist the temptation; from the cook-yard where the pig is being slaughtered there is murderous screaming, joy predominates everywhere: Hallelujah!

765 Kayapó! The burial ceremony for Coqueiro's widow /sic/, which I shall describe in detail, fell on Easter Monday (1 April); we guests never stopped marveling at the strange contrasts which were set before our eyes every day in the restless life of the colony. Scarcely had the lamentation died away and the burial
721 basket been removed, when there was new excitement. The Bororó maintained they had seen two Kayapó, whom they called Kayámo, in the forest. Their mortal enemy in close proximity
•722 to the colony! Leave the colony that very evening -- it seemed almost unbelievable -- was the general solution of the Indians. The soldiers had to be called up; a patrol was sent out and was to discharge a dozen shots in the suspected corner in the forest. Thus they calmed themselves temporarily, but as a precaution the great chief Moguyokuri, the terror of the Mato Grosso, did not sleep with his two wives and his children that night, but at Eliseo's.

726 During the night of 2 to 3 April, too, everyone was awake. Our Indian friends took us to the ranchão and invited us to take part in a meeting, the purpose of which was to fortify themselves with music in the hope of victory over the evil Kayapó. At first
[535] we all stood and danced /460/ on one spot, while an old chief in the center sang and ponderously shook the rattle-gourd. The rest of us held our hands in front of our mouths and bellowed a hollow u, u... into them and flexed our knees in rhythm. Since we noticed how greatly this comforted the Bororó, we did not hold back in our enthusiastic participation. Our band was working in the dark; only occasionally did someone throw a little straw into

/461 cont./

726 became somewhat weaker. The solemn aroé... of the dancers sounded louder, the young men and red-painted girls again sought their resting places in the dimly lit ranchão, the tumult on the plaza became concentrated in smaller groups; here and there one saw glowing logs in the darkness, and when a fire blazed up one saw the bristling bows and arrows, the carrying baskets, the feathers of the singers, and, squatting or lying, persons of every age and both sexes, on whose powerful bodies the distribution of light and shadow for the moment that they were illuminated brought out extremely picturesque effects.

722 In the main building all the rooms were filled; with Eliseo, Caldas, and the administrator, everywhere there were women and children with bag and baggage, around the table and on the table, in the farthest corner, old and young, like, apart from their nakedness, a swarm of emigrants in a crowded railway station. Some of the younger and prettier women stood out because of the white pillows in their possession. The Brazilians mocked and comforted, "kayámo bakímo," "the Kayapó are no good"; the Indians boasted that they were not afraid, took aim with their /462/ bows, and crouched like scouts stealing up on the enemy. Between times they begged for tobacco and alcohol.

Once again there was a great hubbub: a Bororó was supposed to have been killed by the Kayapó near the last houses! A man with a bleeding forehead was brought in; his wife, moaning, threw herself upon him and examined the wound. We did the same. A few drops, a slight bruise; the injured one maintained that he had been hit with a pointed ox bone while he was reconnoitering. Whether a flippant friend had permitted himself a bad joke, whether the blow was meant for a Kayapó, remained one of the mysteries of that night of terror. /Fig. 128 appears here./

Toward eleven o'clock we felt it was time to retire. There was nothing new in prospect. The cadets were playing cards, the chiefs were very intoxicated. Outside it had grown rather quiet. The soldiers had made themselves comfortable, their wives were lying near by on skins. The dirge was continuing; it was dark in the ranchão.